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### ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

#### THE BANDIT'S CONFESSION.

If I had never lived, that which I love  
Had still been living—had I never loved,  
That which I love would still be beautiful—  
Happy and giving happiness,

My injuries came down on those who lov'd me  
On those whom I best loved—

But my embrace was fatal.—MANFRED.

In the year 179—in the village of A——, lived Adela Beaumont, 'The maiden of the Green Mantle,' as she was frequently called:—the envy of her own sex and the admiration of ours. She well deserved the high encomiums which her loveliness received. Possessing a sprightly, yet not superhuman form; a bright, laughing oval face, shaded with locks of the deepest dye; a mild beautifully bewitching black eye, in whose smile cupid played; it was not singular that she had at one time or other held all the young men in the place subject to her power. But one by one her admirers dropped off, hopeless of ever inspiring her with a passion equalling theirs. Mine seemed to be the palm in this as in every other contest in which I had ever striven to excel my companions. It was a general remark among them, that there was no use in striving with Albert Mordaunt to win the affections of 'The maiden of the Green Mantle,' possessing as I did wealth, talents and some personal beauty.

It was true that I was more intimate and familiar with Adela than any of my fellows had ever been able to become with all their efforts. Whenever an attendant was required, I was sure to be selected, and that was not so frequent as might be supposed. She was wild as the young fawn and fearless as the young eagle. She might be seen on a spring day among the mountains leaping from rock to rock with all the life of the antelope. Still, there were very few that would have dared been rude with her, thoughtless as she seemed—as well might they have provoked the lioness as

tempt her anger—and there were many who would have rejoiced in resenting her wrongs. Indeed, she was one whom all loved, and considered as a peculiar being—privileged beyond her sex—no one supposed that her actions could be wrong, so much was she respected. There was not a sick or a poor woman among the hills whom she had not assisted—all knew her, and knew her but to bless her.

Had you seen her on an evening when the bright moon walked among the stars and shed its soft light over hill and dale, you'd not have thought her such a being as I have described—then, she seemed calmed by the poetry that was abroad, and her heart beat with all its pureness, tenderness and beauty. Had you beheld her as her eye wandered over nature, or seen it kindling in the light of heaven and burning with inspiration—how hard soever your heart had been—whoever had held you in their toils—you must have admired—have worshipped this lovely—this inexplicable girl.

It was a summer's eve—I sat beside Adela on the margin of a gentle hill; behind us was the setting sun, shedding a rich radiance o'er the sky, as it tipped the mellow clouds with splendour. A slight breeze from the distant ocean fanned the face of nature—all looked cheerful as an infant's smile!—Far off before us lay the tranquil sea, its unruffled depths flung back the beauty of that heaven which seemed to charm it into stillness.

Oh, it was an hour, a scene, a place for love!—and she, who sat beside me, gazing in rapture on the calm beauty of that view, young in hope, unsullied by the vanities of life, pure as an angel's dream, innocent as the brightest seraph that waits upon the throne above, was she not a being fit at such a time to fill the heart with love—with tender, ardent affection!

Oh! that eve with its joys—its tenderness—its deadening disappointments are registered with a pen of steel upon my heart!—That was the birth-day of my infamy!—The desolation of my dreams of happiness!—my hopes—my parents' expectations—my thoughts of heaven!—

But, I will relate how my all was blasted,

withered in the bud, on that never to be forgotten day!—It seems as 'twere but yesterday, so vivid does the memory of that hour live in my bosom!

'How sweetly,' exclaim'd Adela, 'the sinking sun flings his rays across the heavens!—See, Albert, that little bark—how gracefully it cleaves the glassy sea!—as if loath to break its stillness, it seems to kiss the waters as it moves—and its white sails,—how beautifully they spread to catch the gentle breeze!—Like a bird of ocean it passes o'er the sea.'

'Sobright and beautiful be thy course, Adela!'

'Very fine, indeed!—You'd compare me with yonder boat? I assure you I have no desire to resemble it. It adds beauty to our view, but, who knows where the morrow's sun may find it—I'd like my way to be more sure, and not rest on such fickle things as wind and wave.'

'You forbid all sympathy with your feelings then, beautiful Adela?'

'Beautiful Adela!—thank you for your compliments—I have a mirror at home which never flatters me, *that* always speaks the truth; and if you do not keep a strict guard upon your tongue, I shall leave you to compare me with boats, sea-gulls and as many other pretty things as suits your fancy—so, unless you'd drive me away, no flattery; you know I hate it and can but despise the flatterer—I have too good an opinion of my dear self to need any one for an informer—as you love me no more.'

'Love thee?' I replied—'open my bosom and you will find your image traced upon my heart—I would not for the world displease you—I knelt before her and poured forth the ardour of my love—I laid my heart open to her gaze—I told her my destiny was within her guidance—to be thrown off by her, was to be deprived of hope, and what my end would be I knew not. But *with* her I felt that my course must be glorious and worthy of her affection. Alas! my words have proved too true—and *she* has known the terrors of their fulfillment! Her head rested on my arm—and, oh God!—I thought that I was blessed. Her dark eye moistened, and the pure tear-drop fell on my burning, throbbing brow. In a tone piteously melancholy, yet chillingly firm, she told me that she loved me as a—*brother*,—that she was another's—and he to whom her plighted faith she'd given, was Philip Sydney. The only person I had ever hated—sincerely hated, was my rival!

Sydney and myself had grown up from infancy in the same neighbourhood, were of the same age,—and had been rivals since we first knew the sweets of success. Until this strife, I had always triumph'd over him. In school, in all our boyish sports, he, though nearly my equal, could never match me. By the time that we had gained the stature of manhood, our enmity had grown into a most consummate hatred. He was ambitious and it was my greatest pleasure to cross him in his plans, and outstrip his course.

'But there where I had garner'd up my heart;  
Where either I must live or bear no life;  
The fountain from the which my current runs.  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!'

and thrown aside for him!—it was not in my soul to bear it calmly. I left Adela rudely, rushed from her presence and saw her again but *once* before her *bridal hour*!—then I stood *beside* her—then I triumph'd!

Yet I will not anticipate the story of my sufferings and my guilt, I left her, and sought among the mountains consolation for my woe. The scene was changed—a dark cloud which had suddenly gathered in the south, mantled the sky in gloom. The torrent of the storm came on! The thunders shook the deep foundations of the cliff on which I stood, and, in their strength, were like the peals of the Last Judgment! The clouds shot forth their lightnings, like fiery serpents twining in the air!—I called on the fury of the storm, the fierce lightnings and the frightful thunders to strike me to the earth, and uttered blasphemies deep and piercing!—The storm had spent its strength; the fiery flames ceased to glow; and the deep mouthed bellows passed by!

Amid the mad ravings which followed that night's disappointment,—the desolation of my hope!—a mother's care watched over me, ministered to each want and smoothed the harsh pillow of the maniac's couch—oh, there is no love on earth can match the deep solicitude which a mother feels as she hangs over the severed frame of her offspring!—So pure, so unalloyed with self!

How long I lay upon that bed of sickness, I knew not. But as my reason gradually returned, a confused idea of something terrible—some unknown evil seemed to have befallen me. Suddenly, like the searing lightning, the full memory of that eve returned!—Years have fled and though many and great have been my crimes, they all are merged in the recollection of this one.

What a noiseless step hath time!—But yesterday I stood forth in the pride and strength of manhood!—now, I am whitened by the blossoms of the grave!—The bright visions which youth pictured with an artist's skill, have passed away!—The fond hopes I nourished with a mother's anxious care, have fled forever!—The grim shadows of a coming world flit round my brain, and with fiendish malice, whisper in my ear the doom reserved for me, the unavoidable consequence of my guilt!—

'Pale, gliding ghosts, with fingers dropping gore,  
And blue flames dance around my dungeon's floor.'

And then, when the storm is abroad, *she* too comes and points her bony fingers at me—and laughs in triumph at my writhing agony.—

Some weeks had passed since I had recovered from the delirium under which I had suffered, when I met Adela. She smiled as sweetly as I ever knew her. She appeared, also, to be



anxious for my welfare. She yet loved me as a Brother!—And could I blame her!—'Tis sufficient that I *did*—I felt a new spirit rise within me, as she stood before me—my eyes dilated, and the fury of my passion burst on that guiltless one—nay, start not! I did not slay her *there*!—She begged to know why my frame trembled so?—Why I gazed so fiercely on her?—She thought the fever of my sickness had not left me—and she *pitied* me. I swore, and heaven knows that oath has been too faithfully adhered to, that she should *never* be the Bride of Philip Sydney. She laughed at my threatening; but as she looked again with pride and anger in her eye, she quailed before me—'Beware, beware,' said I! 'your *Bridal* hour!—though my body is in the tomb my spirit shall haunt you there!'

I left the place of my birth—I sought the nearest port and found a vessel was about sailing for ——. I engaged my passage in her and wrote to my parents to inform them of my intentions and bid them an eternal farewell. By some accident I was left behind. News came that the ship in which I had intended sailing was wrecked on the Bahamas and that all lives were lost. The failure of my intentions was of course unknown to my friends; they supposed me among the dead and mourned me as such. They would have wished me in the grave had they known their son and friend was the mad Bandit of the mountains—the terror of the peaceful villagers!—

Near the end of the second year, after the events I have previously related, as I wandered in a disguise I frequently took when in towns and villages, ere I learned from an old peasant that the nuptials of Adela were to take place on the succeeding day. My course was fixed—I was to be an *unwelcome* guest at that festival!—

On a bright June morning, the bell of our village church rung forth its merriest peals to call the villagers to witness the bridals of Adela Beaumont 'The Maid of the Green Mantle,' and Philip Sydney. The peasantry from the mountains came in crowds to behold their benefactress wedded to the man she loved. There were merry makings that day and many a heart beat with joy, as they saw the old carriage of Major Beaumont wheel up the street as it wound its way to the antique chapel which my ancestors, in days long gone by, had founded. Then came a long procession of friends and relatives. Adela, shining in all her beauty, descended from the carriage and with her maids entered the church. She was more beautiful than when I last saw her—I left her a bud just blossoming, and now beheld her full blown; like a summer flower, rich and fragrant.

With the crowd of peasantry and servants that had assembled to witness the bridals of their adored mistress and friend, I readily gained admittance.—As Adela walked up the long aisle of that chapel, I thought I saw a melancholy shadow pass over her face; that her

eyes wandered as if in search for some one whom she dreaded to find, and that her colour came and went. Not discovering the person, whom, though she deemed him dead, she yet feared she would behold, the calmness of her countenance was restored, and a sweet unearthly beauty settled on her features. Then—yes, even *then*! I could have dropped upon my knees and worshipped; fixed as was my determination and deadly as was my purpose there; I *adored* her, I *loved* her so deeply and so ardently, I would not for an eternity of bliss, that she had been *another's* bride!

The Bridegroom with his friends soon came. The Bridal pair stood by the altar of their religion. The aged father was beside his young and angelic daughter;—he seemed like an aged oak, she, his pride and hope, the young sapling nourished at his feet, o'er whom his branches hung and protected from the wide winter's blast.

The Holy man lifted the book—Adela raised her eyes and

— 'a moment o'er her face

A tablet of unutterable thoughts

Was traced and then it faded as it came.'

and her soft eyes, beaming with love and tenderness, rested on him in whom she gloried.

'Adela thy *bridal* hour has come?' I whispered in her ear.

A piercing shriek—a fiendish laugh—echoed among the deep arches of that venerable pile.

'Oh, Albert!—*not now*!'—a dagger glistened in the air—'Help my husband—father—I am murdered,'—the victim of my love and vengeance sank, her life blood flowing at that altar's foot. 'Oh, cruel obdurate Mordaunt!—But I forgive thee my death, as I pray heaven may!'

'Sydney, thy *bride* is *death*! Remember Albert Mordaunt to thy grave.' The menials that should have stopped me, stood back aghast, as they beheld the bloody weapon and my countenance gleaming with hellish malice. Some few attempted to stay my flight—as well might they have stemmed the mountain torrent in its wrath—I hurled them from my grasp and casting them on that floor, now consecrated by a pure and noble victim; another cold laugh of triumph burst from me, which made each listener pale with fright, as I turned upon them from the portals.

The courage which all in that assembly for a moment lost, I knew would soon return and seek the murderer of their joy—the desolator of that old man's hearth—the rival of that Bridegroom.

I joined my brave band on the hills and found them ready for their labour. And a fit welcome did they give the ministers of justice!—My pursuers came and at their head was Sydney, the *Bridegroom Sydney*! raging like a wild boar and swearing vengeance on my head.

The bands of peasantry that hurried to those mountains, in their zeal to avenge the death of their mistress, were but ill prepared for the

task they'd undertaken—my brave fellows scattered them with a breath! I leaped upon a rock to watch their flying bands;—beneath me I heard the clash of arms and beheld my deadliest foe fighting like a fury with two of my freebooters. An instant and I was at his side.

'Leave him to me, my brave boys!—this is my task—he fights for a lost mate and must have the boar that wrenched it from him.' 'Come, Sydney!—thou shalt be wedded to thy Bride to day and I will be thy Priest!'—

'Thou fiend in human shape!'—he exclaimed, and rushed like a madman on my weapon's point. The strife was neither long nor difficult—my arm had strengthened in the wild life I'd lately led, and my passion lay cool and powerless under my will. His frame, though invigorated by the deadliness of his revenge, quailed before the stout mountaineer and the deep bitterness of my hatred. His blood and hers were wedded on *that* blade. The Bride and Bridegroom fell by the same hand, on the same day, and the same weapon drank their blood!—

\* \* \* \* \*

How I found this dungeon thou knowest and the fate which awaits me. When my life shall have sped, which now lingers on my lips, and perchance will not wait the executioner—convey my body to *that* place and let me rest in the same grave-yard with my victims. Thou wast *once* my friend, and this is my last request.

The dying prisoner ended his days within his dungeons walls—his bones sleep in the church-yard of A—, near the tombs of the victims of his hatred and of his love. II.

FROM THE NEW-YORK CONSTELLATION.

#### LUTHER LAPEL;

#### Or the Want of Punctuality.

LUTHER LAPEL was apprenticed to a tailor, and, after seven years of faithful attention to his master's service set up a shop for himself. He commenced business under very favorable auspices, and every body said he would do well in the world. He was a good workman, had some money, considerable credit, and a great many friends.

But there was one trait in Luther's character, which had not previously developed itself, and which was to prove the ruin of his hopes, and to disappoint the expectations of his friends—and that was, the *Want of Punctuality*. And here let us observe, that no mechanic, no tradesman, no person who depends on the good opinion of the public for a livelihood, can expect to thrive without the necessary virtue of punctuality.

Luther Lapel began to exhibit this unfortunate trait—first, in disappointing his customers of work which he had promised; secondly, in disappointing those with whom he had pecuniary dealings; and generally, in not being exact in the fulfilment of his promises in the ordinary concerns of life. This was detrimental in every

way. By disappointing his customers of their promised work, he lost business; by disappointing his creditors in the payment of money, he lost credit; and by failing to fulfil his promises in the miscellaneous concerns of life, he forfeited the general confidence. Thus he lost business, friends, and credit. But this was not all; his want of punctuality not frequently subjected him to the immediate loss of money, of time, and of labor.

For example—having promised a suit of clothes to an alderman, who was to dine on a public occasion, Luther was half an hour too late, the turtle soup was in danger of cooling, and the alderman went to dine in his old clothes. The new suit was sent home as soon as finished, and the garments were well made; but the die was cast; the alderman was vexed, as well he might be; and the clothes were returned upon the tailor. What was to be done? The alderman being a man of some twenty score weight, and of a very peculiar configuration, the clothes would fit no other person, and therefore the tailor was obliged to keep them on his hands. The cloth was of the finest quality, which, taken together with the uncommon quantity contained in the garments, rendered the loss a severe one. Luther endeavored by coaxing and by promises of greater punctuality in future, to prevail upon the alderman to take the clothes; but the alderman was a mountain not to be moved. From coaxing and promises, Luther proceeded to threats; but the man-mountain stood fast. Legal measures were resorted to, and a suit at law was brought to recover payment for the suit of clothes. But it was very justly argued by the defendant's counsel, that half an hour in 'pudding time' was not to be lost, and that in as much as his client was obliged to dine in his old clothes or lose his dinner, it was but just and fair that the plaintiff should lose the suit. The jury were of the same opinion. The tailor appealed, and the decision was confirmed, thus in consequence of being half an hour too late, Mr. Lapel not only lost the suit of clothes, but much time and money in the bargain. He of course lost the custom of the alderman; and several other gentlemen withdrew their patronage through the alderman's influence.

But this misfortune did not cure him of tardiness in the fulfilment of his promises. A fond lover was obliged to defer his happiness for the space of twenty-four hours—an age to him—in consequence of not receiving his wedding suit in season; and though he did not finally refuse the clothes, the recollection of the lost twenty-four hours, the pouting of his mistress, and the laugh of his friends, so chagrined him, that he forever afterwards deprived Luther of his custom.

Another man lost his election to an important office in consequence of attending a public meeting in a thread bare coat, for the want of a new one which Luther promised. He was



expected to address the people on that occasion; and indeed he did mount the rostrum—but his eloquence was sadly marred by the consciousness of his shabby appearance. He could not speak in an old coat, any more than a lawyer in England can without his wig. The attempt was pronounced to be a total failure; and the result was that in the coming election, his rival carried the day. Hereupon the enraged politician brought his action against the tailor for the value of the office which he had lost. The action was just, and so it was charged from the bench; but by one of those chances of law, whereby justice is sadly scandalized a verdict was rendered for the defendant. Nevertheless the expense of defending the suit, left him minus, at least one hundred dollars.—But it would be useless to enumerate the cases, in which Luther's want of punctuality to his customers, proved injurious to his interests.

In the payment of debts he was equally negligent. If he had the money in his possession, he generally contrived to put off the payment, until his notes were protested, or his bills lodged with a constable: so that along with the debt, he was almost certain to pay costs.

Luther had a very wealthy uncle residing in Philadelphia, who wrote to him, that if he would be at his house by a certain day, he would make him a present of a thousand dollars. Luther determined to go; but in consequence of being half an hour too late in getting to the wharf, the steam-boat went off and left him. 'Hang it!' said he, as he turned upon his heel, 'what's the difference of one day? I'll take care to be in season to-morrow.' He did so—he reached Philadelphia without any accident—but, alas! the old gentleman, who was in excellent health the day previous had gone off in an apoplexy, a full hour before the tailor arrived.

In almost every thing Luther Lapel was too late. He was a regular attendant at church; but as he seldom arrived till the middle of the discourse, he could make nothing of it; nor could he find a seat, though he took pains to rent a pew at considerable expense. He was always too late at meals, and was thus obliged to take up with the refuse of the table. The meat, if any remained, was cold; the coffee was cold, or run aground; the toast had disappeared, the butter was consumed—in short, no alternative remained to Luther, but to make the best he could of the scanty fragments that remained. The tailor had a sort of military turn, and few men looked better in regimentals than he; but he was generally on the parade ground so late as to incur a fine. 'Alas!' said he, 'a stitch in time, saves nine,' but I am always too late in threading my needle.

Luther Lapel was a very responsible fellow to look at, and became quite a favorite with the fair sex. He was also a fellow of some spirit, and laid siege to the heart of a belle valued at ten thousand dollars. His success

was almost beyond his hopes; for he took his measures so well, that in a short time the lady engaged to marry him. The day was fixed, the wedding cake was made, the lady was arrayed in her best, the bridesmaids were present, the groomsmen were in waiting, the guests had assembled, and nothing but punctuality was waiting to make Mr. Lapel the happiest man alive. But he was so late in coming, that the loved one got out of all patience; and before he arrived, she had struck up a bargain and was married to one of the groomsmen.

But, as we said just now, Luther was a man of spirit, and though but a tailor he called his rival to the field to take an exchange of cold lead. The groomsmen was first considerably frightened; but presently recollecting the unfortunate trait of the tailor, he mustered courage and accepted the challenge.—He was punctual to the minute; but the discarded lover was an hour too late, and so he lost the pleasure of shooting his rival.

Luther finally got married; but his wife was subject to fits, and he was one day informed by his negro boy, that his *missus* had fallen into the fire. 'In the fire!' exclaimed the tailor, who was just then pressing down a seam—'in the fire! did you say, Pompei?'

'Yes massa she in de fire.'

'Well go back, and tell her I'll come in a minute.' He finished pressing the seam, hastened to the house, and found Mrs. Lapel so burnt that she survived but a few hours.

The affairs of poor Lapel were now going fast to ruin. His credit was entirely gone, his customers had forsaken him, his friends, were estranged, his matrimonial disappointments and misfortunes preyed upon his mind; he became dissipated, shut up his shop, and resolved to cross the Atlantic and offer his services to the Poles. The ship was to sail at eight o'clock on a given morning; but Luther did not arrive at the wharf till nine; when, finding the vessel gone, he muttered something about being always too late, and in a sudden fit of despair, plunged headlong into the water and was drowned.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A STREET DIALOGUE.

*Ebony.* Good Mornin, Topaz, how be your health, dis mornin;

*Topaz.* O, he be wretched, tank you. What be de news dis morning, Ebony.

*E.* What news you mean, Topaz, forin or dis country news?

*T.* O any news, so he be good or bad. How come on the resurrection in Virginia?

*E.* You call him wrong, Topaz—de revolution you should say. O, he be all stopped—de whole country cry, horrid massa-cre? fernal plot? down wid de black slave! When de Greek or Pole rise for his liberty, then they cheer him;—they send him arm and de standard, and make de oration and de ode, and 'say

down wid de 'presser—burst de chain, gallant people?—bind him in his own fetters.' Ah, Topaz, de white men and de coloured men two tings.—*Salem Observer.*

#### A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.

DEAR FRIENDS :—There are three things I very much wonder at.—The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, brick bats and clubs into fruit trees to knock down the fruits; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is that men should be so foolish and even wicked, as to go to war and kill one another; if they would let one another alone they would die off themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at most of all is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would only stay at home the young women would come after them.

#### AUTUMN.

Linger then yet awhile  
As the last leaves on the bough.  
Ye have loved the gleam of many a smile  
That is taken from you now.—MRS. HEMANS.

Had we the tender and pathetic expression of Bryant to clothe our musings, we would dwell long and thrillingly upon the lessons taught so forcibly, in the advent of sober-suited Autumn. Coldly indeed must he look upon nature and her changes, who does not find a luxury of sentiment in the contemplation of all her seasons. All are but chords to that instrument which yields its tone to every breath of man, and vibrates involuntarily to every feeling of his breast. In the spring, the fair melody is made up of the unmingled warbling of rapture, the involuntary trills of untaught fingers, the overflowings of that spring of gladness which gave mythology her fabled fountains, and from which issues all that claims the name of music, short of the voiceless harmony of heaven. In Summer, it is mellowed into the harmony of hope.—The voice that never mourned is heard in its rich diapasons; its glowing progressions are tempered to the calmness of matured desire; its echoes are unbroken by the irregular responses of untutored passion, and its deep and ever varying consonances chime, swell, and estuate, in infinite gradation.

Beautiful, though sadly the reverse of these, is the style of Autumn's 'unwritten music.' The hope of the glad Spring and the devotion of the ardent Summer, have been damped, but not to deaden a single tone. The chords on which once played the breath of the affections, are strained but not to break. The mind is no longer a mighty organ, yielding its sounds to the hand of man; but becomes a gentle Æolian harp, catching its magic tones from every breath of the Autumnal breeze. Plaintive and sweet as though sound had caught a charm from the beautiful hues of decay, they come upon the ear, blending into harmony such strains as no art can imitate, no science ar-

range, no skill record. Such is the music of Autumn, upon that deep toned glorious instrument—the heart.

The grave comes heavily upon the thoughts of youth. They have not yet buried there the better part of their hearts. To the pilgrim who has farther advanced on the highway of human disappointments the last home of man is a welcome theme. Lovely to him, but only that it already holds his best hopes and his only charms that made the world fair amid all its desolation, the grave,—the cold and dreary grave sends up a sweet and holy call to his weary and broken spirit. All that speaks of decay has a charm to him. No marvel then that he woos the melancholy influence of Autumn, and breathes with untold delight her sighing breezes, and settles an unwearied gaze upon her red and yellow forests. Let childhood hang with enrapturing fondness over the brilliant beauty of Spring's first flowers, but its little idols will wither. Let mature youth yield its full devotion to the fruitful and fervent hopes of Summer; yet they too shall pass away. But who, that has ever relished the calm yet passionate love of fading beauty, which steals upon the unsubdued though softened spirit of one whose hopes have been like the summer cloud, will cling to such fleeting hues again. There is an Autumn in the soul, where all these images are mirrored deep and indelible. Even the winter of age, though it withers the outer form, can never supplant the sweetly lingering hues of Autumn in the soul. They cling to the memory longer than hope,—and the memory itself is life.—*Gates.*

'Henry IV. of France being out one day on a hunting match, lost his party and was riding alone. Observing a country fellow standing upon a gate apparently on the watch, he asked what he was looking for. 'I've come, here' says he 'to zee the king.'—'Get up behind me' replied the monarch, 'and I will soon conduct you to the place where you may see him. Hodge without any scruple mounted; but as they were riding along he put this sagacious question to his companion. 'They tell me he's got a power of lords we'um—how may a body know which is he?' The king replied, 'that he would be able to distinguish him by seeing that all his attendants took off their hats while he himself remained covered.' Soon after, they joined the hunt, when all the circle as may well be expected, were greatly surprised to see the king so oddly attended. When they were arrived his majesty turned to the clown, asked him if he could tell which was the king. 'I don't know (answered he) but faith it must be one of us two, for we've both got our hats on.'

It is well known to all who are acquainted with the early history of Kentucky, that the first emigrants settled in small squads, like the first settlements in all frontier countries, for



mutual defence. The order was whenever an alarm was given, all were to run to that place. Early one morning the shouts and cries of a female were heard—all ran to the spot. When they arrived they saw a man and a bear engaged in a combat. They had it hip and thigh, up and down; over and under, and the man's wife standing by, hollering 'fair play! fair play!' The company ran up and insisted upon parting them. The woman said 'no—no—let them fight! for it is the first fight I ever saw, that I did not care which whipped.'

*Anecdote.*—Lady Sandon possessed great influence with Queen Caroline, the wife of George II; and she was strongly suspected of turning her favor to pecuniary profit. One remarkable pair of diamond ear-rings, which she was supposed to have received as the price of her patronage in procuring some office, she wore one day, on a visit to her old friend, the Duchess of Marlborough. After she was gone, the duchess exclaimed: 'What an impudent creature, to come with her bribe in her ear!' 'Madam,' said Lady M. W. Montagu, who was present, 'how should people know where the wine was sold unless the bush is hung out?'

The late George Colman being told that a man, whose character was not very immaculate, pointedly remarked, that the 'scandal and ill report of some persons were like fuller's earth; it daubs your coat a little for a time, but when it is rubbed off your coat is so much the cleaner.'

A commercial traveller lately left an article belonging to his wardrobe at an inn, and wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him by return of coach; in answer to which he received the following:—

I hope, dear Sir, you'll not feel hurt—  
I'll frankly tell you all about it:  
I've made a shift with your old shirt,  
And you must make a shift without it.

A bill was brought into the Irish House of Commons 'To cause the watchman to sleep in the day time, in order that they may be wakeful at night.' Lord Nugent begged to be personally included in the bill, as the gout left him no sleep day nor night.

An odd sort of a genius, having stepped into a mill was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news? 'Not's I know on,' said he, 'what is it?' 'Why,' replied the miller, 'they say the devil is dead.' 'By jings,' says Jonathan, 'is he? Who tends mill then?'

*The seed of Laziness.*—Never check industry in the young, even when it is unprofitable, if it is without bad motives; for industry is habit, and if you get youth to calculating the value

of exertion, you not only destroy that natural disposition in us to 'be a doing,' but the growing habits will quickly exclude the performance of ever occurring, and often, important duties as not worth the doing, which amounts to laziness the root of all evil.

Dr. Johnson on having argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman; his opponent who had talked in a very puzzling manner, happened to say, 'I don't understand you Sir.' Upon which the doctor instantly retorted, 'Sir, though I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to furnish you with an understanding.'

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1831.

*The Canadian Casket.*—This is the title of a new semi-monthly miscellany, published by A. Crossman, in the town of Hamilton, U. C. It is to be devoted exclusively to polite literature, and afforded at the low price of 10 Shillings per annum, payable in advance. The specimen number is neatly got up, and the contents interesting and tastefully arranged—we hope it will meet with success.

*Philip Augustus; or the Brothers in Arms.*—This romance is from the pen of the author of Richilieu, Darnley, &c. It forms the ninth and tenth numbers of the Library of Select Novels.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending October 18th.

A. Piper, P. M. Wardsburgh, N. Y. \$5; J. Patterson, Stockbridge, Ms. \$1; H. Wheeler, P. M. West Mendon, N. Y. \$5; A. M. Strong, Heuvel, N. Y. \$1; H. A. Brown, P. M. Giload, Ct. \$5; H. Posay, Port Gibson, Miss. \$1; W. West, Wrightsboro' Ga. \$1; H. Sargent, P. M. Carrol, N. Y. \$1.

### SUMMARY.

*Blasting Rocks.*—Lieut. Wambagen, a German has discovered that sawdust, particularly of soft wood, mixed with gunpowder, in equal parts, has thrice the strength of powder alone, when used in the blowing of rocks.

Mr. Rembrandt Peale has opened his gallery of pictures in New-York.

The proprietor of the New-England Galaxy offers a premium of fifty dollars for the best Original Tale that may be forwarded to this office prior to the 31st of December next. Also, a premium of fifty dollars for the best Original Poem that may be forwarded at the same time.

*How to make Oysters of green Corn.*—Take one pint of grated corn, (if you have not a large grater at hand, with a knife cut the grain once or twice, the length way of the ear, and press out the pulp with a knife, which is preferable to the grater.) and one tin cup full of flour, one egg, one table spoonful of salt, one tea spoonful of pepper, beat all well together, brown your butter, then drop in your batter in small cakes, turn them quick, fry them like oysters, if you choose put a little butter over them on the plate; this is preferable to the oyster plant.

*Delaware and Hudson Canal.*—We perceive by the report published in the Ulster Sentinel, that 36,902 tons of coal have been received, thus far, this year. During the week ending Sept. 21, the number of boats with general freight was 31 and 74 coal boats.

### MARRIED,

In this city on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, John T. Van Valkenburgh, of Catskill, to Miss Caroline Hubbel, daughter of Mr. Luther Hubbel, of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Richard Puckrin, to Miss Maria Boyes,

At Schoharie, Mr. Abraham A. Keyser, editor of the Schoharie Republican, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Townsend.

At New Paltz, on the 2nd inst. by the Rev. Mr. Beach, Mr. Samuel W. Pierce, Esq. Editor of the Ulster Palladium, to Miss Laura B. Hallock.

In Claverack, on Sunday last, by the Rev. Mr. Slayter, Mr. John Kemper, to Miss Elizabeth Morris, both of this city.

### DIED,

At his residence in the town of Rensselaerville, on the 4th inst. after an illness of about two hours, Asa Colvard, Esq. Sheriff of the county of Albany.

At the village of Kinderhook, on the 10th inst. Mr. Aaron Van Vleck, after a short illness, in the 47th year of his age.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.  
**PASSING AWAY.**

All, all are hastening to their final sleep ;—  
The tide of things bears forward with no stay  
In all its course—forever on—away !  
Earth and its toys together onward sweep  
To ruin. Man awhile may bow and weep,  
Then in the sepulchre of ages lay  
Him down to sleep forever ! and the gray  
And deeply chiseled marble may not keep  
His name from dread oblivion. Clouds of eve  
Pass on, and of their course no traces leave ;—  
And ocean-waves a moment proudly heave  
And roar, then sink again to rest ; and grieve  
Who may, as quickly pass, as soon forgot,  
The hopes of man !—awhile—and he is not.  
The young and beautiful, matron and maid,  
And they of age, whose limbs are bowed with years,  
Together through the narrow vale of tears  
Move on towards the silent realms of shade,  
Where, side by side, each in his chamber laid,  
Earth's millions rest ! fair forms and hoary seers,  
The great and valiant, those whose trusty spears  
Have stood for freedom's bulwark, every grade  
From king to subject, all in one vast grave.  
The globe itself is but a splendid tomb  
For man ! and hill and plain and ocean-wave,  
E'en the wild desert shrouded in its gloom,  
All, all beneath the bright and vaulted sky,  
Are strewn with bones of creatures born to die.  
The mighty caravan moves on its way,  
Weeping for lost ones left, far, far behind !  
While, as it speeds it onward like the wind,  
Here, on this plain, where gliding streamlets play,  
Or, there, upon the mountain's breast, where lay  
The grateful shadows of the oak reclined,  
Or, yet, a little farther on, where, lined  
With human ruins, Ocean heaves her spray  
Oblivious, pilgrim after pilgrim rest,  
Worn and disheartened, in eternal sleep,  
So melt the clouds on heaven's ethereal breast,  
When in their caves the winds their sabbath keep !  
So died the wave along the rock bound shore,  
Its race accomplished and its beatings o'er.

For the Rural Repository,  
**TO —**

The stars, love, awaken  
As the day goes to slumber,  
And their stations have taken  
In the skies beyond number.  
The moon on the brow  
Of the night hath uprisen,  
And in its white glow  
The curling waves glisten.  
The sweet breath of love  
Has wedded the gale,  
And issues out from the grove  
Or sports in the vale.  
'Tis the hour, love, for us  
'Neath its sweet power to stray,  
And ask heaven that thus  
Love may linger away.  
The skies—they shall witness  
And hallow our vows,

And bend down to bless  
What virtue allows.  
As undying as pure,  
As the lights which we see,  
As deep, true and sure  
Is my love, sweet, for thee !

From the New-York Amulet.  
**AUTUMN.**

BY J. A. HARRIS.

The opening buds of spring,  
Those beauteous harbingers of sunny skies  
And cloudless times, are gone, and bring  
Their golden fruits of richer dyes.  
Morn, like a summer bird  
O'er the tall trees lifts up her purple wing ;  
Dipping, in warm light lowly vales, the third  
Season of joy to bring.  
Earth's garniture is light  
For now the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the Autumn sun, and bright,  
The flash of noon-beam shrouds.  
A beautiful spirit pours  
New glory on the autumn woods, and leaves  
Its mellow richness on the wither'd flowers,  
That playful Zephyr weaves ;  
With trembling leaf of beech,  
And solemn bow of ash, deep-crimsoned all,  
And maple, yellow-leaved, and oak, with each  
Fading memorial,  
To crown his silver head,  
When Autumn like a faint old man, sits down  
By the way side, weary—Soft wings spread  
His rustling couch of brown.  
So shall old age rejoice,  
To hear the solemn hymn lifted by Death ;  
Aye, and the yellow leaves shall have a voice,  
And Autumn's warning breath.  
To speak of days well spent—  
Of infancy, mid-life, and each revolving year  
That came with honor, friends, and sweetly blent  
Visions of joy so dear.  
To the young burning eye,  
Oh what a glory doth this world put on !—  
He looks up to the glorious Autumn sky,  
And thinks it his bright home.  
It fires his soul for fame ;  
And from his dazzling dreams a spirit walking  
Plumes Genius with a steadfast upward aim,  
And eagle pinions shaking.  
'Up ! up !' the spirit cries ;  
Hark !—loud's the thunder of his fearless pinion,  
And heaven born Genius, wing'd with lightning flies,  
To Fame's supreme dominion.

## ENIGMAS.

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

**PUZZLE I.**—Because it is sometimes an engraving (in gray wing.)

**PUZZLE II.**—Because it contains A. D. E. T. (a Deity.)

## NEW PUZZLES.

**I.**

Why is Dr. Nott's new steam boat 'Novelty,' like a white swelling ?

**II.**

Why is the city of Hudson like a colt ?

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

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